THE GHOST

Of the Late

HOUSE of COMMONS

To the new one appointed to meet at

OXFORD.

FRom deepeſt Dungeons of Eternal Night,
The Seat of Horror, Sorrow, Pain and Spight,
I have been ſent to tell your tender Youth,
A Seaſonable and Important Truth.
I feel, (but Oh too late) that no Diſeaſe
Is like a Surfeit of Luxurious Eaſe,
And, of all other, the moſt tempting Things,
Are too much Wealth, and too Indulgent Kings.
None ever was Superlatively Ill,
But by degrees with Induſtry and Skill,
And ſome whoſe meaning, hath at firſt been fair,
Grow Knaves by uſe, and Rebels by Diſpair.
My time is paſt, and yours will ſoon begin,
Keep your firſt Bloſſoms from the blaſt of Sin;
And by the Fate of my tumultuous Wayes,
Preſerve your Self, and bring Serener Dayes.
The buſie, ſuttle Serpents of the Law,
Did firſt my mind from due Obedience draw,
While I did Limits to the King preſcribe,
And took for Oracles their Canting Tribe:
I chang'd True Freedom, for the Name of Free,
And grew Seditious for Varietie.
All that oppos'd me, were to be accus'd,
And by the Laws, Illegally abus'd.
The Robe was Summon'd, Maynard *in the Head,*
(In Legal Murder, none ſo deeply red)
I brought him to that Barr, where once he ſtood,
Stain'd with the (yet unexpiated) Blood
Of the brave Strafford, *when three Kingdoms Rung,*
With his Accumulative, hackney Tongue.
Priſoners and Witneſſes, were waiting by,
Theſe had been taught to Swear, and thoſe to Die;

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And to expect their Arbitrary Faies,
Some for ill Faces, some for good Estates,
To fright the People, and Alarm the Town:
Burnet *and* Oates *employ'd the reverend Gown.*
But while the triple Miter *bore the blame,*
The Kings three Crowns, were their Rebellious Aim.
I seem'd (and did but seem) to fear the Guards,
And took for mine, the Bethels *and the* Wards.
Anti-monarchick Hereticks *of State,*
Immoral Atheists, *Rich and Reprobate.*
But above all, I got a little Guide,
Who everie Ford of Villanie had try'd.
None knew so well the old Pernicious Way,
To Ruine Subjects, and make Kings Obey;
And my small Jehu, *at a furious rate,*
Was driving Eighty back to Fortie Eight.
This the King knew, and was resolv'd to bear,
But I mistook his Patience for his Fear.
All that this happie Island could afford,
Was Sacrific'd to my Voluptuous Board.
In his whole Paradice, *one only* Tree
He had excepted, by a strict Decree;
(*A* Sacred Tree, *which* Royal Fruit *did bear*)
Yet that, in pieces I conspir'd to tear.
Beware my Child! Divinity *is there:*
This so out-did all I had done before,
I could attempt, and he endure no more:
My unprepar'd, and unrepenting Breath
Was snatch'd away, by the swift hand of Death.
And I (with all my sins about me) hurl'd
To th'utter Darkness of the lower World;
A dreadful place, which thou too soon will see,
If thou believe Seducers more than Me.

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